THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

JUST AS OF OLD!

Just as of old! The world rolls on and on;
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold,—
Just as of old.

Time loiters not. The river ever flows,
Its brink or white with blossoms or with snows;
Its tide or warm with spring or winter cold:
Just as of old.

Lo! Where is the beginning, where the end
Of living, loving, longing? Listen, friend!—
God answers with a silence of pure gold—
Just as of old.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... **Editor**

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

WOMEN AS VOTERS.

The recently enfranchised women of the Pacific Coast have not had much opportunity yet to show what good effect their use of the ballot will have. It is safe, however, to say that wherever they have exercised the right there has been an increase of the voting strength for righteousness. It was due largely to the votes of the women that an undesirable and somewhat corrupt municipal administration in Seattle was overthrown.

In a recent local option election at Woodland the majority against the saloon was 356, whereas at a previous election it was only 36. Nearly 400 women voted at the last election and it seems that their votes were, with only few exceptions, cast against the saloon.

In Los Angeles a few weeks ago a prohibition ordinance so drastic that not much could be hoped for it was before the voters. It was defeated, but the belief is that the proportion against it would have been much greater if the women had not been voters.

The editor of The California Voice, one of the leaders in the campaign, having been asked after the election to state how the women voted, replied: "The women, as a rule, worked and voted for prohibition. Some of the extremely fashionable 'upper crusts,' whose chief occupation is attending wine suppers, smoking cigarettes, attending card parties and the like, and some of the other extreme, who drink less expensive drinks and whose living is precarious, nearly all voted for the saloon. But the great mass of noble womanhood, the women we all delight to honor, as a rule voted for prohibition."

Inasmuch as the ordinance was voted down three to one, this is perhaps rather too rosy a view of the position taken by the women voters. Then, too, it received only about 32,000 votes, and twice that number of women registered.

But no one can reasonably dispute the contention that the women swelled greatly the vote against the saloon.

Recently there was up for consideration the question of a modern union high school for the northern part of San Joaquin County. The Stockton Record in its comment after the election said: "It was the Lodi vote that saved the bonds, and it was the mothers of Lodi who made the vote what it was."

After the women of Santa Ana had used the franchise for the first time, voting on the proposition for school bonds to the extent of $225,000, the statement that went out in the press dispatches was: "The women were a big factor in the election, a far larger proportion of them voting than of men."

Not long ago at Olympia, the capital city of Washington, there was an election at which more women than men voted.

While suffragists are rejoicing over the heavy vote on the part of women in the few elections held since they were given the franchise in Washington and in California, there are those who declare that the ballot is to them like a new toy for the child, and that when the novelty wears off they will tire of it. Experiences elsewhere indicate otherwise. In Wyoming where equal suffrage has prevailed for forty-three years ninety per cent. of the women vote. In New Zealand in 1908 there were on the electoral rolls the names of 294,073 men; of this number 238,538 voted. There were 242, 930 women enrolled, and 190,114 voted.

We expect the women to vote in as large numbers as men, proportionately, and in a few years to vote more intelligently as a class than men vote as a class.

Just what effect their voting is going to have on the liquor traffic cannot be foretold yet. Governor West of Oregon, when asked his views recently on the question of equal suffrage and as to its bearing on the liquor question, replied:

"I am for woman suffrage because I am sure it would make for better and cleaner government; that women could be depended upon to stamp out all dens of vice and clean up our cities. Woman suffrage does not necessarily mean prohibition. It will mean, however, such a regulation of the liquor traffic as to wipe out all pitfalls and dens where men are robbed, criminals are made and girls are ruined."

COMING ONTO TROUBLOUS TIMES.

If such men as Olaf Tveitmoe and P. H. McCarthy are to have much influence in shaping union labor affairs, the State and Nation are sure to see troublous times. At the recent convention of the California Building Trades Council in Fresno their utterances were to considerable extent such as to augment the hatred that is found here and there among workingmen toward all employers.

Referring to the McNamarras, Mr. Tveitmoe quoted approvingly Russell, the socialist: "The real culprits in this dreadful story are not the two men that, in our wisdom, we have entombed at San Quentin. The blackest culprits are the men and women that know well enough of the essentially unjust conditions of modern life; that know the vast majority of mankind is condemned to insufficiency and intellectual darkness and still go their way content with the thought that they, at least, have enough."

As to the indictments against himself and other San Franciscans, Tveitmoe declared that they were returned without a vestige or scintilla of evidence tending to connect them with the crime alleged; that it was a personal and political prosecution, and another effort to discredit organized labor.

While Mr. McCarthy did not in his report refer to the McNamarra case nor to the pending indictments, he did speak of what he called conspiracies to destroy union labor, and remarked that the present time was the most critical period in the history of the State's industrial organizations. "All the guns of the oppression of labor," he said, 'are turned on the union movement."

To us it is unthinkable that the federal grand jury brought those indictments without any evidence to warrant them. Nor do we believe that there is any organized effort to crush or discredit union labor. Almost without exception the people of this country believe in union labor. They wish, however, to see it use its power righteously and not unrighteously.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Portland Y. M. C. A. expended for current expenses in 1911 $208,257. The Portland Association will be 44 years old in March, ranking next in age, on the Coast, to the one in San Francisco.

The First Congregational Church of Portland reported a membership of 1000 the first of the year, 82 names having been added during the year. The total expenditures in 1911 were $14,412, of which amount $10,330 was for current expenses.

The Rev. Dr. Dyott, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland stated at the annual meeting last week that seventeen hours a day had been given by him to his church work most of the time during the past year. The Oregonian remarks: "The popular notion that a pastor, next to a missionary, has the easiest time is refuted by Dr. Dyott's statement."

The Men and Religion Forward Movement will inaugurate a campaign in San Francisco and other bay cities on the 25th of February which will continue for fifteen days. Among the workers will be Mr. Raymond Robins of Chicago, of social service fame, and John L. Alexander, former head of the Boy Scouts, and the Rev. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Gypsy Smith by his preaching and manner of life has touched deeply people of all ages and classes in San Francisco and vicinity. One little boy in Berkeley, as he knelt to say his evening prayer, asked God to bless the Gipsy and concluded thus, "And, O, God, when he dies I'll take his place." A little girl of Oriental parentage remarked, how nice it would be to have Gipsy Smith as father; and another girl wondered whether if Jesus were here he would not resemble Gypsy Smith.

Back in Indiana several years ago, the present writer made the acquaintance of the Rev. E. Sinclair Smith, who was then pastor of the Congregational Church at Angola. For eight years, until a few months ago, he had a Presbyterian pastorate at Houston, Texas. In October he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church at Coalinga. We wish to commend him to any readers of the Pacific whose pathway may cross his here in California, as a royal man and one whom, after his work shall have been done at Coalinga, we shall hope to see again in a Congregational pastorate.

At a meeting of the Federated churches in Los Angeles recently the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey said: "I feel quite at home at a meeting the keynote of which is the federation of churches, for the purpose of uplifting humanity. I feel that I am an incarnation of the spirit of church federation. My mother was a Presbyterian, my father was a Universalist, I was educated in a Methodist institution, was baptized by immersion and married an Episcopalian woman." Dr. Torrey's membership for many years has been in a Conrgegational church. He came to Los Angeles recently to take the position of dean in the Bible Institute at that place.

In order that he might avoid another breakdown, such as came to him two or three times in his work as a minister, the Rev. J. R. Knodell decided a few months ago to give up the Anti-Saloon League work in Oregon and all thought of a regular pastorate and enter on outdoor occupation as a fruit raiser and gardener on a small tract of land near Portland Sherwood, which is their post office, is close to the Electric line running from Portland to Salem. Mr. and Mrs. Knodell have been nicely located there for the last few months and there one of the coziest of Oregon homes is fast taking shape. At the near-by station, Tualatin, there is a Congregational Church; and this, Mr. Knodell will supply for a time. Skill at carpentering, acquired in early years, has been utilized, and the house in which our friends now live was largely the work of Mr. Knodell's hands. The change of work has done him much good and a recent letter from him is full of optimism. The writer hereof hopes to eat some of their berries and vegetables and chickens ere many months go by.

The Rev. Dr. Brougher of the Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, would have it that no one should be allowed to marry without a certificate showing completion of a prescribed course in "Lessons in Matrimony." Why shouldn't we demand that? Isn't marriage more vital to the race than running an elevator, or an automobile, or a locomotive?" continued the pastor. "There are statutes and regulations that require certain qualifications before a person is permitted to operate a machine carrying passengers for hire, but the statutes are singularly lax in respect to those far more serious responsibilities accepted with the wedding ring and the marriage certificate. A man cannot go out and doctor a sick dog or horse unless he has passed some sort of a state examination; but any foolish little girl of 18 may undertake the raising of a family, the expending of the household money and the maintenance of her husband's health and happiness, without any stipulation on the part of the state regarding her health, knowledge of her duties, or even her intelligence and ability to learn them. I would suggest that every Y. M. C. A. in the country establish at once a class for 'instruction in matrimony' for young men, and that the Y. W. C. A. do the same thing for its women members. There are many men already married, at the heads of families, who would be helped by such a course. I would also have similar classes formed in the factories and large shops where large numbers of men and girls are employed. There appears to be a huge conspiracy of silence upon the subjects important to matrimonial happiness, and the principal sufferers from this condition are the young men and women of the country. Of course, parents could do all this teaching at home, if they would. That would be infinitely the better way; but, unfortunately, many parents of the present day seem to be inefficient when it comes to a solution of modern problems. Young people are left to solve these for themselves, and many times the lack of advice from some experienced and wide-awake teacher costs them years of suffering, ill health, broken spirits and matrimonial discord."

THE PRISON AND THE ANGEL.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.

THE GYPSY SMITH EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN.

R. W. Rogers, Pastor of Plymouth Church, San Francisco.

There has come into our midst one who has attracted the attention of the majority of the religious people of our city and the entire coast. And in writing these impressions of his work, in response to a request from the editor, I wish at the very outset to discriminate between the unworthy and the good evangelist, so that there may be no confusion.

Much of our American evangelism has come into disrespect because of the mercenary motive that seems to prompt activity, for any man that will put into his own pocketbook a check for $10,000 for a few weeks' work without giving the Christian people satisfactory knowledge in regard to its destination and use, is not only laying himself open to the accusation of thinking more of the loaves and fishes than the cause, but he is also bringing into disrepute all worthy evangelism.

Still more of our evangelism has been degraded because it has become a mere exercise of a physical emotion—a sort of physical spirituality—that incites the baser passions and appeals to the lower appetites. There is a difference between convicting of sin and inciting sin. Emotion is all right if it starts from Christ and noble thought—that is heavenly joy, that is the Holy Spirit. But emotion is as dangerous as poison when it springs from an evil personality that has never risen out of the mire of an overmastering sinful consciousness into the pure presence of Christ. And the poor, deluded, mongrel evangelists who remain in their sin and practice the ignorant sacrilege of interpreting a physical thrill as the Spirit of God, should no more be allowed to rush into the presence of an audience than a smallpox patient should be permitted to escape from quarantine.

But there are good evangelists, also. And it is most refreshing to find that Gypsy Smith is such a man; for the most necessary person in our modern religious life is the true evangelist who is free from mercenary motives and un-Christian emotion, a regal prophet of God with his soul lit up with a divine love and his speech eloquent with the sanity of the tongue of fire. Mr. Smith has won the respect of the religious leaders of America, England and the whole world, not only because he has avoided the appearance of evil by working on a salary like a pastor—all the proceeds of the offerings being sent to a London committee which uses it in sending out men of his type to preach a similar message around the world—but also because he rings true as a good man. The same God that put the color into the flowers that the Gypsy boy plucked from the fields, and the sparkle into the streams of the hills that he climbed, has put the beauty of Christ into his soul. It is a mission conducted by this type of an evangelist that is interesting us. And in order that we may feel the significance of this movement, we will notice three things: (1) His opinions about Western religious life and the results of his visit; (2) The nature of his theology or message; (3) The man and the secret of his success.

Religious Life in the West.

One day during the course of a conversation with Mr. Smith, I asked him for his opinion about religious life in the west. And he replied: "As far as my visit to the Pacific Coast is concerned, it has been thus far, taking everything into consideration, one of the most successful series of meetings I have ever held. You have not the large population to draw from in the west that they have in the eastern or central states. But in spite of this fact our audiences have been unusually large, and at times we have been compelled to turn away hundreds. I was told in the north that when I came to San Francisco I would confront the hardest problem that I have had yet. But such has not been the case, for our mission has been a surprise and a victory. And when you consider the fact that there are only sixteen thousand protestants in your city and that it is dominated by Catholic sentiment, it was an unusual thing to have been compelled to turn away hundreds of people from a building that seated nearly 6,000 people, at some of the services. Judging from what I have seen, San Francisco and the West is not strikingly more irreligious than other cities and sections. It is true that the church memberships are smaller in the West than in the East, but so is your population. Mammon has to a certain extent materialized men's souls. But my Master is in good humor. The spiritual will yet be enthroned over the material."

The Results of the Visit.

The real results of his visit to the coast can never be tabulated. A great many things that have shown on the surface may come to naught, while the unexpressed thoughts and purposes—that the masses know nothing about—may cause a revolution. But approximately it may be said that the results are twofold, first the ethical results as found in the effect of the mission on Christian people and the city life, and secondly the personal results as noted in the expression of the individual decision in the services and in the work of the enquiry room.

The ethical results are certainly good and the moral life of the people has been strengthened. For Gypsy Smith did not come to the coast merely to count numbers or to glory in the report that a few thousand cards had been signed—encouraging as that is. He did not come merely as a professional evangelist to exalt externals, but to make men and women better and to leaven our western life with a new moral vigor. That this has been accomplished, that the moral tone of our cities is better, is testified to by a host of business men in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane and San Francisco. Our desire has been that of a prominent man in Brooklyn, who uttered these words at the beginning of the Gypsy Smith Mission there: "We do not purpose to ask or even think how many people join a church. We only trust that the voice of conscience will speak more clearly. We hope that the note of duty will be a stronger one. We wish homes to be happier, and we seek a higher standard for the market-place and the street. We hope that men as patriots will vote for God and the country rather than for their own selfish interests." And when the last city of our coast shall have been visited, we know that these will to a considerable extent be some of the far-reaching ethical results of the visit.

Work In the Enquiry Room.

The personal results of the mission can be known most accurately by a study of the genuineness of the decisions as made in the enquiry room. It is true that a great deal of superficial work was done in the enquiry room, owing to the impulsiveness of some of the seekers and the inexperience of some of the workers; but it is also a fact that some solid work was done that will stand the test of time. Some of the people that entered the room were mere "hangers-on," mere "up-and-downs," who are moved to decision at every revival; but it is also true that many of them were honest seekers for a God of light, not "ups-and-downs," much as they need to be helped; but men and

women of business sense, professional talent, and prospects of being conspicuously useful in the Christian life.

I wish I could have taken anyone who desired to know the personal results of the mission into the enquiry room where we tried to be of slight assistance to a number that were seeking to enter a Godly life. If you had sought to help some of these earnest fellows you would have heard them make statements like these:

From a Soldier: "I joined the Congregational church when I was but a lad, but I drifted away after I entered the army. I have found help tonight. I shall go back and seek out Christian men for my companions and spend the rest of my years in doing good."

From a Cambridge graduate who was on his way to Japan: "I believe in God but I do not feel the necessity of Christ.." He was prayed with, handed a gospel of John. And before he left for Japan he came back and said, "I see that the things of Christ are spiritually understood." And there is every reason to believe that this fine young fellow will soon be able to say, "I know whom I have believed."

From a young business man: "I have not been true to my family vows. My wife is one of the noblest Christian women that ever lived. Tonight I have decided to lead the Christian life, and I am determined to go home and win and keep her respect."

From a manufacturer: "I have been selfish. I have lived only for my family and myself. Life without God is like a wheel without a hub. But I have found God to-night. I have new insight, and from now on I shall do my part in Christian service.

Some of the seekers that were talked with were not ready to begin an obedient response to God's love; others did not seem to have the will power to do so. But many went out of that room better men and women, with their decisions hallowed by prayer. The women worked with the women, and the men with the men. Some of the workers were mechanical, but others worked with a human sympathy that resulted in the Fatherhood of God sanctifying the brotherhood of man.

About twenty-six hundred decisions were made in the mission held in San Francisco; something less than this in each of the other cities visited. But I fear for some of the converts unless the churches become as enthusiastic in following them up with religious instruction as they have been in bringing them to hear the preaching of the Gypsy. Every Gypsy Smith should be followed by a Horace Bushnell and perhaps a Jane Addams, by educational and institutional work, especially in large cities, that the beginners may have a helpful interpretation of them to fight the battles of God. Sometimes the order is reversed and the Jane Addams and Horace Bushnell followed by the Gypsy Smith, which is not illogical as long as there comes an hour of real decision for the members of the parish.

His Theology or Message.

I said to Mr. Smith once with a little hesitancy: "If it is not too personal a question, I would like to know what is your theology. Personally I am puzzled to know whether you are a conservative or a liberal. To me you seem to be 'simply religious'."

He looked at me out of his coal black eyes with an air that seemed to say: "Wise men let unsettled questions alone, without flying off to extremes, and preach on the positive things that we do know with certainty." And then, with his countenance lit up with a smile that revealed his dominant passion for souls, he said: "I will not spend my time in fighting a man because he believes in one or fifty Isaiahs. What I want to know is whether or not he is vitally enough acquainted with the personal Christ to deliver a message that will eradicate sin from the human heart. I preach only the great fundamentals which are necessary to establish one in a Christian faith that will result in moral renewal and the presence of God's Spirit in the soul."

And then raising his hand he said with great emphasis "Let me tell you men in America that a great movement emphasizing the regenerate work of Christ has started in England. Why, do you know that such scholars as Forsyth, Morgan, Horton and Harris and Jowett now of America, are actually vying with each other in openly expressing their loyalty to a redeeming Christ. The great religious leaders of England are no longer fascinated by mere negative discussion. They have gotten through with their mental measles. Neither have I any time nor inclination to split the atonement up into theories, for what the heart of man needs is the personal fact of the suffering, broken heart of God, and his atoning love as found in Christ. What we need is consecrated men. Rendell Harris, one of my London committee, is a higher critic. But Mr. Harris said to me one day: 'Gypsy, take off your coat and get after those that are going wrong, and I will hold it and pray for you.' That's the kind of man Mr. Harris is, and I can stand that kind of critic and no other."

In his services Mr. Smith absolutely refuses to fight contending theological schools and to take part in what he regards unimportant matters. He has implicit confidence in the Bible as the word of God, not because he advocates any theory of inspiration but because Christ has dealt with his soul as he did with the disciples after the resurrection when He "opened their understanding that they might understand the scriptures." The entrance of the Word has given light, and he sees wonderful things in God's law.

You cannot analyze his theology any more than you can dissect a mother's love or the beauty of a June day. He has something more than a mere intellectual premise and conclusion. He has a vital, manly religious life. His creed or message seems to be simply this: Turn from sin to the Christian God who makes better men and women—the core of the gospel, repentance and obedient faith. He gives one the ambition to be noble and good. He receives willing support in our day, because he has sense enough to pick out the golden thread of a pure gospel from the tangle of modern religious discussion.

The Man and the Secret of His Success.

When you are introduced to Gypsy Smith, you shake hands with a strong, well developed man, with black, wavy hair, black mustache, large dark eyes that flash with defiance or melt with tenderness, a countenance lit up with gentleness and strength and a face filled with the indescribable dash of the Orient. And when you have met the man and heard him speak to an audience, with a voice that is "now soft and mellow and now strident and almost fierce," you begin to realize in part the secret of the man's power. There is no professional formality and strain in his pleading for decisions, but it is as natural and tender as the pleading of a mother's love with the wayward child. He is master of the situation. Indeed, the moment he steps onto the platform he gains complete control of the audience and holds it by the threefold power of generalship, music and eloquence.

He upholds the ministry, but does not spare the church member; and in one of his services he acknowledged that his success and promotion in Christian service was largely due to his loyalty to the men in the pulpit. In this respect he is not like most evangelists who are unmerciful in their criticism of the clergy. Some of the San Francisco laymen have felt that an occasional rebuke would have done the clergy good. But he does not believe in the direct, personal attack of the ministry; and yet by the general applications of his sermons he probably has deepened the consecration of the ministry as much as any evangelist that has lived.

But the real secret of this man's success is the secret of Christ. People may be drawn to hear him because of the originality of his career—the transformation of a Gypsy boy into the world's greatest evangelist. They may be attracted to him by the beautiful nature touches in his sermons, and the thought of the trees, streams and hills which form the romantic background of the Gypsy character. But helpful to him as these circumstances are, the real magnet is the innate goodness of the man himself. He is true gold in character. His personality radiates the Christ-like spirit as brilliantly as the electric globe radiates light. The meetings are intensely and sanely spiritual. It is another case of a thoroughly good man revealing to the multitudes the Christian secret of his life so as to restore to them the honor and self-respect of the soul.

Mr. Smith has, apparently, been influenced by two men. He preaches repentance with the fearlessness of a Finney, and love with the genuine sympathy of a Moody. He blends these two cardinal qualities of a virile gospel preaching. Hence his usefulness. He has done us no harm; but rather a great deal of permanent good. Our spiritual outlook is brighter, and the music of his words will echo in our souls long after his departure.

"THE MELTING-POT."

By Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

This is one of the most intensely American plays ever written, and yet there is no typical American in it! The characters of the play are German, Irish, Russian, Jewish, and one good-for-nothing son of an American millionaire. And yet the play is filled with the loftiest patriotism for America and the highest of dreams as to the future of this country; and the whole thing is written by Israel Zangwill, an English Jew!

The story of the play tells how Vera Revendal, a Russian revolutionist in exile, living as a settlement worker in New York City, becomes acquainted in the course of her work with David Quixano, a Russian Jewish refugee and musician. David not only plays a violin, but has composed a great American symphony in which he tries to express in music the amalgamation of many foreign nationalities into the common life and the great future of America. "To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe; shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed; shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland; over the swarming stony cities of Poland and Galicia; over the ruined farms of Roumania; over the shambles of Russia! Oh! Miss Revendal, when I look at our Statue of Liberty I just seem to hear the voice of America crying, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'" "America is God's crucible, the great melting pot, where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming. Here you stand, good folk, think I when I see them at Ellis Island; here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you have come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas. Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the crucible with you all, God is making the American!"

Miss Revendal becomes interested in David and his musical possibilities and thinks to send him to Germany to complete his musical education by interesting Quincy Davenport, the son of an American millionaire, in him. Quincy Davenport comes to visit David, bringing his orchestra-master, Herr Pappelmeister, with him. Herr Pappelmeister finds the symphony "wunderschon" and "colossal"! But David refuses to have his symphony, in which he has sought to express his ideal of America, published and performed under the auspices of this dissipated young millionaire who spends most of his time in Europe and who apes European customs and standards. He feels that the kind of people who go to Mr. Davenport's extravagant entertainments would not understand his American symphony, and, when Mr. Davenport twits him with being only a Jew immigrant, David replies, "Yes, Jew immigrant. But a Jew who knows that your Pilgrim fathers came straight out of his Old Testament and that our Jew immigrants are a greater factor in the glory of this commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. It is you freak-fashionables who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarizing your high heritage and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature." "I am nothing but a simple artist, but I come from Europe, one of her victims, and I know that she is a failure, that her palaces and peerages are outworn joys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of mankind lies in a new world. And here, in the land of tomorrow, you are trying to bring back Europe—Europe with her comic opera coronets and her worm-eaten stage decorations and her pomp and chivalry, built on a morass of crime and misery." The great symphony is produced, however, for Herr Pappelmeister resigns from the service of his millionaire employer and produces David's great symphony in the Settlement among the immigrants who can understand the meaning of it.

There is one dark spot in David's life. It is the memory of the terrible massacre at Kishineff when he saw his family slaughtered by the Russians under the direction of a stern Russian officer. The memory of this, as often as it occurs, produces in him a most distressing condition of hysteria and raving about the blood which flowed in the streets of Kishineff. It is therefore a tremendous shock to him when the father and mother of Vera Revendal, to whom he has become engaged, arrive in America and he finds that the father of the woman he loves is no other than the terrible Russian officer whose face directing the massacre he can never forget. And yet, in the last act, under the influence of his great symphony as it is produced by Herr Pappelmeister's orchestra at the settlement, he comes at last to the point where he is able to overcome even this terrible memory and to love Vera, the daughter of the Russian tyrant.

What more could the Melting-Pot accomplish? They stand together on the roofgarden of the Settlement, looking out over New York City toward the Statue of Liberty, the sky illuminated with the glow of the sunset. As they look at the flaming sky David says, "It is the fires of God around his crucible." And then, pointing down to the

City, he says, "There lies the great Melting-pot. Listen! Can't you hear the roaring and bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come fro mthe ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and seething, Celt, Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian, black and yellow, Jew and Gentile; yes East and West and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! See them all unite to build the republic of man and the kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America where all races and nations come to labor and look forward?" Then, raising his hands in benediction over the shining city, he says, "Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions fated to fill this giant continent—the God of our children give you peace!" The sunset fades away into the restful twilight and far away, like a lonely guiding star, twinkles over the darkening water the torch of the Statue of Liberty and from below there comes the softened sound of voices and instruments joining in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

This play has two great values to me. First of all it is a splendid example of the idealism of youth. Here is a young man of a race which is supposed to be absorbed in commercialism, giving himself absolutely not to the making of money, but to the setting of a great ideal to noble music. The motto of the play might well be that little poem of Edwin Markham's:

"In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,
Dare follow the star blazed road, dare follow the vision!
It breaks like a hush on the soul in the wonder of youth,
But I say that the dream of the boy is kingly truth!
The earth is vapor and only the vision is real—
Yea, nothing can hold against Hell but the winged Ideal!"

The second value of this play is its lofty patriotism. It is no mere patriotism of the past which exults in what America has accomplished, but it is a patriotism of the future that looks forward to the great possibilities of this country and looks forward to them with profound faith and a most inspiring optimism.

THE SUNDAY REST BILL.

The California Central Committee of the Lord's Day Alliance have decided to invoke the initiative for a Sunday rest law. This committee consists of Berkeley men representing seven denominations. Dr. G. G. Eldredge, Presbyterian; Dr. E. A. Woods, Baptist; Dr. W. W. Ferrier, Congregational, Dr. E. D. McCreary, Methodist; Prof. W. B. Herms, Methodist Episcopal South; Prof. W. P. Bentley, Christian, and Mr. A. W. Naylor, Friends. In the absence of Dr. McCreary from Berkeley, Dr. J. H. N. Williams will assume his duties.

Under the new Initiative Amendment the people by a direct vote can enact laws independent of the legislature. Laws thus enacted can be amended or repealed only by the same method by which they were passed and not by the Legislature. It requires eight percent, or about 31,000 registered voters to sign a petition calling for a ballot, to be filed with the Secretary of State at least ninety days prior to the election. The question then must be printed upon the ballot and if the majority who vote upon the measure vote in favor of it, then it becomes the law of the State. A great advantage in the use of this method is, that the bill which is submitted by its friends is voted upon without change or amendment. A Legislature generally tears moral measures to tatters and inserts a joker to render it useless or unconstitutional.

As every qualified voter, including the women, will have an opportunity to help enact this law, it becomes necessary that every friend of the Lord's day and every one who believes in a weekly Sabbath of rest for all the business and laboring classes, should promptly register. We look to the women to be leaders on moral measures. They should seek to protect the home and the moral interests of society. There is no reform before the state that will affect more people for the good than the Sabbath question. The world will be at our doors in three years. Shall their eyes behold an American Sabbath or the Continental Sunday? The Panama canal will soon open the way for the slum element of Europe to land on our shores, bringing their customs and institutions. Shall we permit California to become foreignized and surrender this main pillar of good government and an essential to the welfare of the Church? The people must be reached, informed and aroused. Will you help? "When our country turns its back upon the Lord's Day, it will not be far from the grave of empires," said Bishop Wm. Sabine.

The committee deemed it wise to seek a reasonable and conservative law. It will be a comprehensive and excellent measure as far as it goes, but it will leave the field of public amusement for future consideration, or to be cared for by county or municipal initiative elections wherever the public sentiment will justify it. The state-wide bill will provide for the closing of all saloons, unnecessary business and labor, and secure a day of rest each week for every laborer. It will close confectionery and cigar stands, barber and meat shops, allow four hours for drug stores and bring rest to multiplied weary men and women. All things really essential to the welfare of society in this age of the world and in our free western land will be permitted. It will not be a "blue" law, nor one of which any Christian need be ashamed.

G. L. Tufts, Supt.

Berkeley, Cal., January 20, 1912.

WOMEN'S MEETING AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND

By Mary E. Bamford.

An interesting and well attended joint meeting of the women of the Congregational Home Missionary Union and the Northern California Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific was held Thursday forenoon and afternoon, January 18, in the Plymouth Church, Oakland. Charts on the apportionment plan, the weekly giving system, etc., were before the eyes of the audience, also the reminder that the Congregational share of the heathen is seventy-five millions. Mrs. O. W. Lucas of Berkeley and Miss L. N. Richards of Saratoga, officers of the two organizations, presided over the joint meeting.

The morning devotional service was conducted by Mrs. Yarrow of Mill Valley. Reports of secretaries followed. Mrs. O'Brien, secretary of literature, called attention to her display of free leaflets. A fine address on Turkey was given by Rev. Augustine Jones. He traced the history of Mohammedanism from the Hegira in 622. For eight centuries Constantinople was the key of the situation, holding back the Mohammedan from Europe. At one time the Mohammedans went as far as Vienna. There are Mohammedan troops even today at Budapest. For the last 200 years there has been a steady decline of Mohammedianism in Eu-

rope. When Sultan Abdul Hamed came to the throne, he promised a constitution, but withdrew his promise. There was a long reign of terror from 1876 to 1908. Abdul Hamed had about 6000 private spies; no two men could get together and talk about political affairs without some boot-black or other spy sidling up. "A constitution and Abdul Hamed could not keep house together," said Mr. Jones.

Abdul Hamed caused the terrible Adana massacres, 30,000 Armenians being butchered to keep the eyes of Europe off the Sultan's own treacherous act of not giving his people a constitution. But in 1908, Abdul Hamed's power came to an end. He had to part from his 400 wives, some of whom are on the stage in Paris; four of his wives were sent with him to Salonica, where Abdul Hamed is now practically a raving maniac. Mr. Jones described the present Sultan as a large heavy man, merely a figurehead, while the young Turk party has no great men, their movement not being personified in this respect, yet there are three reforms that the young Turk party has achieved, viz: Freedom of travel without the previous troubles of passports.. The abolition of the spy system, men can stand and talk, though the government has to be careful. The freedom of Christians. Nobody but Moslems used to be enrolled in the army, now Jews, etc. are being enlisted. Mr. Jones described a visit he made to the Greek Orthodox Church at Corinth, where he found an old priest painting a picture. The old priest and Mr. Jones, while unable to converse, yet read together in Greek, the first chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. That letter belongs to the Corinth Church in a peculiar sense. Robert College used not to have any Mohammedan students, only Bulgarians, now there are 62 Mohammedans there, the son of the minister of war being one of them. One Turk said, "See that American college there! It is a disgrace! Here we are; we're rich and strong and prosperous, and we do nothing for our young men, and from somewhere in America, they come and do for them. Its a disgrace to us." Mr. Jones also visited the girls' college at Skutari and met Miss Patrick. There are about 300 girls, much like the college girls at Berkeley. Mr. Jones was greatly interested in Mills College at Smyrna, where there are 350 young women, 90 in the college department.

Miss McCless of PlymouthChurch voiced the welcome of the Church to the representatives of the two boards. We then adjoined to a delightful luncheon, served by the ladies of Plymouth Church.

The afternoon devotional service was conducted by Mrs. Miles Fisher, wife of the former pastor. During the afternoon two beautiful solos were sung by Mrs. Nash accompanied by the organist, Mrs. Clark Pomeroy. Miss Allen of Brousa, Turkey, gave an interesting address. The girls' school at Brousa was the first work supported by the Woman's Board of the Pacific, so it was doubly interesting to hear Miss Allen. She is the daughter of missionaries who went out in 1855. She was born in Harpoot, and learned the English language in childhood. After the constitution of 1908 the Turkish girls began to apply to the school. One Turkish mother, who was herself educated, brought her two girls of 17 and 18 to the school. "O, you American peoples," said the mother, "you don't realize the privileges you have. What is there for me in life? Here I sit behind my lattice window." The mother, had for several years had a governess for her daughters, but in 1901 had come the edict to dismiss governesses, since then her girls have had to go without education. There are 120,000 people in Brousa and of these 100,000 are Mohammedans, there are 365 mosques, there is no school system, children leave school at twelve years of age. As soon as children enter the school at Brousa they are taught the English language. The English spoken there is better than in other sections. This is due to Mrs. Baldwin. When the girls come to the high school work they are able to take written examinations in English. The Bible is a regular part of instruction. A Mohammedan said: "I want my children to go into the Bible class and learn hymns. I do think you have the most beautiful hymns." Last year Turkish parents seemed to realize that their girls were receiving Bible instruction, and said, "We are not going to have our daughters studying the Bible and going to devotions." But the Turkish girls are all back now, studying the Bible. They do want the western civilization. Dressmaking is taught; the girls making their own beautifully embroidered graduating dresses.

Miss Martha Brokaw, who has recently come to California to work under the Home Mission Society, spoke earnetly of her former experiences in Mission work in Vermont and Colorado. She told of one family she found where the mother had never heard but one sermon in her life and did not know how to teach her two little girls to pray. Miss Brokaw returned to the town, and found one of those girls married, with a child, and she was teaching that little one to pray. Miss Brokaw asked prayer for her present work. May God greatly bless her. California needs such workers.

Rev. Mr. Hinman followed in prayer. A vote of thinks was given the entertaining Church for the use of the building, the music, and the delightful luncheon. Despite the rainy day there was a good attendance and a fine meeting. During the afternoon notice was given of the coming Midwinter Session of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions. The meeting will be held in the First Church of Oakland, all day February 1. Missionaries from China are expected to speak. Robert Newton Lynch, manager of the California Development Association, wha has recently returned from Europe, having attended the exposition at Turin, will speak on immigration problems. All are urged to attend.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Cherington of Porterville have been spending a few days with Oakland relatives and attending the Gipsy Smith meetings.

The Rev. Dr. James McLaren, formerly pastor at Riverside, is visiting relatices in Pasadena. Dr. McLaren contributes to The Pacific this week a poem on San Francisco.

The Rev. Ray F. Carter, recently of Wallace, Idaho, will tell the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday some of his experiences as pastor in that Northwest mining region town

"Prison Life in Andersonville," the book by the Rev. John L. Maile of Los Angeles, will be published in March. An autograph, numbered edition of 500 copies, will be issued first, the price for which will be $1.00 postpaid. Mr. Maile's address is 1214 Ingraham street, Los Angeles.

"One of the ministers of this church lives in Oakland; the other lives in Kyoto, Japan," said the Rev. Herbert A. Jump in the calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, last Sunday; "and one of the earliest privileges of the Oakland minister, as soon as he learned that he was

to be the Oakland minister, was to extend a fraternal word by mail to his brother worker across the Pacific." Then follows the statement that a delightful letter came back from Dr. Gulick with quotation therefrom.

The Methodist Episcopal Churches of San Francisco will hold a Parliment for the Conservation of the Moral Resources of the Nation, Wednesday and Thursday, January 31 and February 1. There will be many eminent speakers. Bishop Quayle will speak on "Our young people and America for Christ." The Rev. Dr. Matt S. Hughes of Pasadena on "The cry of the great city;" Bishop Hughes, "Our debt to the incoming foreigner;" Bishop Nuelson of Omaha, Nebraska, "America as a world power;" a second address by Bishop Quayle will be on "The conservation of American institutions;" Dr. Thomas, a colored man from Baltimore will speak on, "The Black man and the Nation;" Superintendent Johnson of the Japanese work on the Pacific Coast, "The Immigrant from the Orient;" The son of a Jewish Rabbi will speak on "The Jew and his Future. Many other interesting topics are announced. The meetings will be held in Grace Church, except the Wednesday evening one, which will be in Howard Street Church.

MANY WILL WISH TO FIND HIM.

By the time The Pacific reaches its subscribers this week the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert A. Jump will be located in their new home at 411 Laguna avenue, Oakland—in the Adams Point district. The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Oakland contained the following paragraph last Sunday:

"Here as circumstances will permit and in the course of time they hope to meet beneath their own roof-tree their many friends. To reach the new parsonage one must take a Grand Ave. car to Euclid Ave., begin to ascend Euclid Ave., on the right hand side, and the first house on the hill top to the right, reached by a curving Hill Lane, is the Pastor's home where the latch-string will always be out. The house can be entered either from Hill Lane or Laguna Ave., which is the second street on the right hand side of Euclid Ave. These details are necessary because we want you to find us, and because many of the city maps do not mention these streets at all."

And why does The Pacific give what may at first thought appear to some of its readers as a statement merely for the guidance of the people of this Oakland church, and already before them?

Because many beyond the circle of this Oakland church will wish to reach Mr. Jump. He has shown himself in various ways since he accepted that work to be a large hearted man—one interested from the start in everything that concerns the fellowship hereabouts, and withal a man of such calibre as to be near and far a very helpful unit therein.

A SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM AT PALO ALTO.

The Congregational Church at Palo Alto, Roy H. Campbell pastor, announces on an attractive little circular the following program for six successive Sunday evenings:

January 21: The Bridge Builders—the passing of the gods. "A new word creeping from mouth to mouth among the common folk." Krishna.

January 28: Child Labor Sunday. The Luck of Roaring Camp—the regenerating power of a child. "A little child shall lead them."

February 4: An address by Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland. The George Junior Republic. Mr. Palmer visited the tiny republic this summer.

February 11: The coming of Saint Valentine. Four hospitals recognized his coming. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—not by their clothes.

February 18: The way of Ulysses and the way of Orpheus—being the way of wax and music. The sirens can be passed after two fashions.

February 25: The heights of Yosemite. Monotony is the death of the spirit. Other heights not reached by rail or stage.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles First—First Church, Los Angeles at the Annual Meeting increased the salary of the Pastor, Dr. William Horace Day, from $4000 to $5000. Rev. Harold S. Tuttle, Asistant Pastor and Director of Religious Education, is fully meeting all expectations. Extensive preparations are being made for the coming of Gypsy Smith.

Porterville—At the recent communion service ten persons were received to membership, six on confession. From one home came father and grandmother and two children. Since the Rev. R. B. Cherington took up the work a few months ago 23 have united with the Church. Twelve thousand dollars have been paid on the indebtedness on the building, leaving a debt now of only $7,500 to the Church Building Society, which can easily be met each year as it comes due.

San Luis Obispo—The annual meeting was held last week at which time a dinner was served by the ladies of this Church and an enjoyable time had socially. The reports showed that 20 persons had been received to membership during the year; seven of whom united on confession of faith. An indebtedness of $250 was paid, the conference apportionment of $225 for benevolences was met, all current expenses paid, and there was a small balance in the treasury. Encouraging reports were made as to Sunday School work and the Christian Endeavor Society, the Ladies Aid and Missionary Society. A vote of thanks and appreciation was given to the pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Boller, for their devotion to the work and their helpfulness therein.

Suisun.—The Rev. F. M. Washburn, of Lodi, whose seventh year of service with that church closed January 1, has just accepted a call to the pastorate of the Suisun church, his official term beginning January 15th. On Sunday, January 21, a fine audience greeted the new minister, both morning and evening, and the preacher's message had a most respectful and earnest hearing. A spirit of general good cheer and renewed courage pervaded the asembly, and many expressed a hearty good wish and hope for the success of the new undertaking. Rev. Huber Burr had spent a month with the church helping to get things in shape for the calling of a permanent pastor. The church has pledged a generous salary, has adopted the duplex-envelope system for contributions, and the apportionment plan for benevolences. We may henceforth expect good news and cheering reports from Suisun.

Bakersfield—The First Congregational Church held its annual supper and business meeting, January 12. Over 100 were present. After a bountiful repast, served by the ladies, written reports, more complete than in any previous year, were given by the officers, heads of departments and mission leaders of this Church's work. Most of the old officers were reelected. The treasurer reported the last payment had been made on the adjoining lot, that provides ample space for the coming new edifice. All current expenses have been met, and a small balance remains in the treasury, not only of the church, but of each auxilary. The benevolences for the year were larger than ever before. Sixteen were added during the year making the prsent membership, after deducting losses, 209. The pastor, Rev. Edgar R. Fuller, made a strong plea for a deeper and richer spiritual life in the coming year. That is the measure of success in the Church's work, rather than numbers or fine financial conditions, helpful as they are.

Oakland Ward Memorial—About fifty of the members and friends of the Ward Memorial Church assembled on the evening of January 16, which is the 12th aniversary of the organization and also the birthday of the good man in whose memory the unique little chapel was erected. After a bountiful and daintily served supper, provided by the ladies of the Church, the annual business meeting was held. The business was interspersed with an artistic musical program which was highly appreciated. Reports showed a well sustained activity in all departments of the Church work. The Sunday School has an actual enrollment of 83 and for several months an average attendance of over forty. The Christian Endeavor Society is small but holds meetings regularly and has a larger percentage of active members than any other society in the district. The Ladies Aid Society holds meetings every week. They serve refreshments and have a good sociable time at every meeting. The young people of the congregation have banded themselves into what they call "A Social Club." They hold socials every month, and recently held a "Bazaar" and with the proceeds put a fine new carpet on the platform and new matting in the aisles, they have also installed a piano which adds greatly to the song service, both of the Sunday School and Church.

Ventura—The First Congregational Church of Ventura held the annual meeting of the Church January 17. This was an adjourned meeting from the previous week when the Church with her friends sat down to a well filled table and enjoyed a social hour. The reports of the officers and committee were full of good things accomplished, and with great hope for the future. The reports showed more money raised than the preceding year, with the additional, that a debt of long standing had been disposed of, by payment and subscription, these to be disposed of before June of this year. There has been placed in the Church during the past year a fine organ, costing with the electric motor for running same $510. This was paid when the instrument was put in. There were many changes in membership, but a net gain of eight in resident membership was reported. The Ladies of the Church had a good report as usual, reporting having put a fine new gas range in the parsonage, and a second hand one in the kitchen of the Church, and having purchased silver ware for use in Church suppers, seven dozen pieces of each were purchased. A vote of thanks was extended the pastor for faithful earnest work. The Church by vote adopted the apportionment plan for benevolent work. A committee was appointed for a canvas of the Church for pledges for this part of the work. The Church goes hopefully into the work of the year. The pastor Charles H. Dains is just completing his second year with the Church.

BETHANY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.
A Survey of the Work During 1911.

Wednesday evening, Bethany Church of San Francisco, had its annual business meeting and the reports of the various department of the Church. The reports are all of them so satisfying that the Church feels very much encouraged to go ahead with greater enthusiasm.

The trustees reported that during the year a heater had been installed and the insurance for three years paid in advance. At least $200 in excess of any other year was paid for music and the year ended with all bills paid, a few dollars in the treasury, all benevolences met and a firm foundation for the future, inasmuch as the duplex envelope system and the weekly pledges were working well.

The Christian Endeavor during the year has been the means of bringing many specialists in social work, missionary work and evangelistic work to the people of the community.

The Sunday School has adopted the graded system of lessons, organized a teachers training class, successfully conducted a home department and a cradle roll, made a substantial growth in numbers and reached the high mark in money raised.

The Woman's Association is the consolidation of what was the Ladies' Aid Society and the The Missionary Circle. The new organization was brought in to being during the year. It now has three main divisions: The Industrial Department, The Social Department and The Missionary Department. The Social Department did a splendid year's service to the Church through receptions, socials and the like; the Missionary Department succeeded in getting real results and the Association made it possible for the Industrial Department to raise over $600. The women have assumed the expense of the music for the present year and are in a most excellent condition to do larger things this year.

A Men's League has been organized and it has been doing real work that counts. It has brought no new work into existence, but has simply aimed to get under the work already organized. The statement of its purpose will suffice to show its method of work: "The purpose of the League shall be to make the Church more efficient in bringing the members of the community under the influence of Jesus Christ." Every department of the Church is stronger because of the Men's League.

The prayer meetings during the year have been most helpful and alive with the Spirit of God. There has been no new method of getting people out and they have taken part because the Spirit has led them to do so. The average attendance of the Wednesday evening meetings for the year has been 29, and that includes the vacation period when the people were away.

During the year 26 on confession and one by letter have been received into the Church. Of that number 18 are males above 17 years of age. Thus in the past two years 82 have been received into the Church; 46 on confession and 36 by letter. Of this number 36 have been males above 16 years of age and 46 have been females. The loss has

been severe owing to people leaving the city and about 12 per cent growing indifferent.

The Chorus Choir has given several sacred concerts that have been very well attended and the whole tone of the Church seems good.

The election of officers exemplified the splendid spirit of harmony in the Church inasmuch as there were none who declined to serve and there seemed to be a perfect oneness of mind as to who should serve. Some went so far as to acknowledge that they had not done their whole duty during the past year and they intended to do more this year. In keeping with the spirit of California a woman was elected to serve on the Board of Trustees.

Owing to the foundation laid, the money now probably available in pledges and from the Woman's Association, the plan of advertising launched, the awakened spiritual interest of the people because of the Smith meetings and the expected influx of eastern Church people, the Church begins its new year with hopes and expectations of large things for the future.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Pacific has secured the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene, of Seattle, as correspondent for all that part of Washington outside of the Inland Empire region. Friends of the paper are asked to send information to him, 4039 Whitman avenue, Seattle, Dr. Greene did this work so admirably for many years, and when the Rev. Mr. Clarke gave it up we turned to him again, and he has kindly consented to act.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iorwerth.

Cheney—Past and Present.

The church at Cheney is one of the oldest in Eastern Washington. In 1881 Deacon Andrus, from Connecticut, organized a Sunday school in his home about four miles east of where Cheney is now. Dr. Cushing Eells soon found the Christian family from New England. Soon a church was organized in the new town, and by December a church building was dedicated, Dr. Eells preaching the sermon. There were associated with this church during its early history three of the leading Congregational missionaries. These men prayed, labored and sacrificed for it. They were righteous men and the prayer of the righteous availeth much. These men were Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., and Deacon G R. Andrus. The two former men have found a place among the most useful and eminent of the early missionaries of the Pacific coast, and the last named was one of the best and most useful laymen that ever came to this region. Dr. Eells is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the founder of Whitman College, and the Apostle Paul of Washington. He was the first acting pastor of this church, and gave the first $500 for the building, and also gave the bell and some of the furnishings. Dr. Atkinson was specially interested in this church because he was one of the trustees of the Cheney Academy during its early years and did much to promote its interests, as well as that of the church. Deacon Andrus made Cheney his home for many years, and was the first superintendent of the S. S. and P. Society for Washington. He did much hard and effective work in those early days, and this church was very near to his heart.

Dedication of the New Church.

On Sunday, January 14th, a new church edifice, costing nearly $20,000, was dedicated at Cheney, taking the place of the old that had been in use for three decades. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Horace Mason, of Seattle, who took for his subject: "Religion and Education." It was an appropriate and able sermon, considering that the town is the seat of a normal school with 500 students. Superintendent Scudder made the finaancial appeal, and the $3,000 needed to meet all expenditures were obtained

The building is one of the best equipped in the Inland Empire for effective work. It has an auditorium seating 300, with art memorial windows, one for a former pastor, Rev. F. B. Doane, also a splendid Bible presented to his memory. There are three vestibules, choir loft, with place for pipe organ, study, kindergarten room, Sunday school room seating 200, with five class rooms, parlor with fire place, and a full basement, with men's room, gymnasium, dining room and kitchen with all conveniences. Rev. F. O. Wyatt has been the pastor of this church for six years. This church has done excellent work in the past and promises to do much more in the future.

Colville.—The church at this place has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It has done excellent work all through the years despite the overchurching of the town. Over one hundred sat at the tables and enjoyed a banquet. The pastor, Rev. G. H. Rice, announced that plans are under way for the construction of a $10,000 stone church.

Medical Lake.—At the annual meeting and dinner there were present a goodly representation of the membership. The reports from all departments gave evidence of wholesome progress under the ministry of Pastor Hunt.

Brewster.—On the first Sunday of this month a new church was organized at this place, through the instrumentality primarily of Rev. J. N. Pendleton, Sunday school missionary, assisted by Rev. A. D. Kinser. Sixteen united with the church.

Westminster, Spokane.—Dr. Elwin L. House is giving Friday night lectures on Psychology. An able sermon of his on "Mental Therapeutics" appeared recently in the Spokesman-Review.

Otis Orchard.—One of the most choice and promising horticultural districts of the Spokane River is Otis Orchards, located some 15 miles east of the city of Spokane. Here last September Congregational meetings were begun in a church which had been erected by the German Evangelical people, but who had suspended services.

On December 3rd "The Eden Congregational Church" was organized, which was perfected January 2nd with 41 members. The property of the German Church, valued at about $2,200, has been purchased for $400, several of the German families uniting with the new organization. Rev. Wm. D. Eddy, who has guided the gathering of the new flock, is the present shepherd, as he is also that of Newman Lake, an adjoining parish.

Sprague.—Rev. Jonathan Edwards is conducting a Bible class of public school teachers on Wednesday evenings. Dr. Dunning's new book, "The Making of the Bible," is used as a text book and is proving interesting and profitable. He preaches either morning or evening on the subject of the Sunday school lesson.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Since the first of January eleven new members have been added to the roll of the First Church of this city. During the past year eighty-two new members were added.

The total membership of the church now is 1,009. Total receipts for 1911, passing through the hands of the treasurer of the Church and Society, were $14,412. Of this, $10,330.13 were spent for the running expenses of the church; and of the latter sum $6,005 were spent for salaries, and $1,733.27 for music. To the foregoing should properly be added $6,481.00, which was contributed to the Church Extension work by members of the First Church, $1,555 going to the Sunnyside Church, on the east side.

The Ladies' Aid Society, the Woman's Missionary Society, the Y. P. S. C. E., the Sunday-school, and a number of other related organizations, all reported a good degree of progress.

With all bills paid, and a small balance in the treasury as a result of systematic planning a year ago by the board of trustees, the Church has been encouraged by its experience in the past year, and has set a higher mark for achievement for th eyear 1912 than it has ever attained to in the past. Certainly the outlook is very hopeful; and with such an excellent and devoted pastor and preacher as Dr. Dyott, with entire harmony in every department of the work of the church, with constantly increasing opportunity, and a continuous gain of members have a "mind to work," there is no reason why a decided advance shall not be made during this year.

Portland, January 14, 1912.

THE PASSING OF A YOUNG LIFE.

The circle of our Los Angeles ministerial fellowship has been invaded by the grim messenger who called Robert Prewitt Fisher, son of Stanley Ross and Estelle Coleman Fisher, on January 7, 1912 at the age of four years and five months; he having been born on August 15, 1907. This birthday was on the anniversary of his father's ordination to the ministry.

In a three-fold sense little Robert was the child of the Church of the Messiah, of which his father is the first pastor, for he was the first to be born within its fold, the first child to be baptized in the preliminary chapel, and he was the first child to be called from among the families of the Church.

In his animated countenance was reproduced with almost startling fidelity the composite features of his father and mother; and not only in the outward respects of physical resemblances in form and movement, but also in the artistic, the mental and the spiritual similitudes was the child the son of his parents. For little Robert possessed an affectionate nature which endeared him to all who knew him. Tender-hearted and always sympathetic, he could not bear to hurt in any way any living creature.

He loved the flowers and the trees of the homestead: knowing by name the most of them, having with them a sense of companionship. He loved, too, all animals and birds, especially delighting in poems and stories about them.

A most remarkable development in one so young, was his love for and comprehension of architecture. He was increasingly interested in the illustrated literature of the Gothic, and at three years of age would lisp, to the amazement and delight of fond parents, about architecture; the narthex, the ambulatory, rectilinear tracery, all these terms of ecclesiastical architecture, as he pointed to examples in the large volumes. Truly this highly endowed nature was a facinating illustration of the delicate, the complex powers of heredity as descending from grand-parents and parents, and blossoming forth in the son or daughter of promise.

Robert was a holy child of God, in whom doubtless the Divine Spirit of life, energy and beauty suffused the expanding faculties and progressively impressed the enlarging characteristics which were molded and stamped by heredity's law.

He was dedicated by his parents to the service of God, and now in perfect love and devotion, we seem to see him unfolding in all the glorious possibilities of a redeemed and glorious personality.

The funeral service was held at the Church, and was conducted by an old-time friend, Rev. John L. Maile, and was attended by fellow ministers and by a large number of the members and friends.—J. L. M.

A CONVERT OF FATHER BRISTOL'S EARLY MINISTRY PASSES AWAY.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Stilwell, for more than ten years a resident of Imperial Valley, passed peacefully away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Wilsie, of El Centro, Cal., Saturday, January 6.

Mrs. Stilwell had reached the ripe old age of seventy-six years. In her early childhood her parents were pioneers in Wisconsin and at 23 years of age she, with her young husband was converted under the ministry of our late beloved "Father Bristol," the so-called Pioneer Preacher so well known in Congregational circles; that was 53 years ago, and Mrs. Stilwell has been a faithful member of the Congregational Church during all these years, her membership being at the time of her death with the Church at Heber, California.

AN EARLY YEAR BOOK.

The promptness with which the Statistical reports are coming in to the Register, augurs well for an early issue of the "Year-book," so far as California can help in bringing that much desired end. The following Churches have already reported: Berkeley, Bethany, Palo Alto, Lockeford, Hydesville, Alturas, Murphy, Pescadero, Porterville, San Francisco, Green Street, Saratoga, Cottonwood, Beckwith, Lincoln, Paradise, Martinez, Parlier, Oakley, Sierraville, Oakland, Buolevard. The clerks of these churches deserve a place on the Roll of Honor.

C. C. Champlin, 1049 Hayes Street,
San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA ORIENTAL MISSIONS.

The Annual Meeting of the California Oriental Mission will be held in the Chinese Mission Building, 21 Brenham Place, on Monday the 29 of January, at 3 p. m. Reports of the Secretary and the Superintendent will be given, and officers elected for the ensuing year. All who have become life members through the contribution of $25.00 or annual members through the contribution of $2.00 since September 1, 1910, are urged to be present.

Geo. W. Hinman, Secretary.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue,
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

James H. McLaren.

O'er burnished paths of steel I've come
In the mighty engine's wake
From the wintry strand of the cold north land,
Where the ice-bound billows break.

There, nature sleeps neath the frozen sod
And winter's winding sheet.
Here fruit and flowers in the breath of God
The ravished vision greet.

Here by Pacific's sun-kist slope
Whose glories none can tell,
Tall, rich and great by the Golden Gate
Stands the City Beautiful.

Triumphant from its ashes risen
O'er ruins of quake and fire,
The city great, by the Golden Gate,
O, city of man's desire!

I feel the leap of life's current sweep
Through this form of breathing clay,
As I behold, by this gate of gold
The dream of my childhood's day.

My people dreamed, they builded, they sailed
O'er leagues of wintry waves,
Round the dark wild Horn, some in safety borne,
While others found ocean graves.

Forget them not in this world's sweet spot,
Whose lives so brave and true,
In those structures grand which their genius plan'd,
They builded beyond what they knew.

Structures which now, in beauty and grace,
Tower upward to the sky,
Where fleecy clouds in the azure space
And the white plumed vapors fly.

Below, where the throngs pass to and fro
The sound of a myriad feet,
That from far and near have wandered here
Where the world's life's currents meet.

Glorious within, purg'd from blight of sin,
To a world let thy new life tell,
Clean, righteous and great, by the Golden Gate,
Stands the city Beautiful.

Let the tidings roll from pole to pole,
Let it break from her gates of Day—
She has builded a life midst the turmoil and strife
That never shall pass away.

The Home.

Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;—
Oh, man, my brother, hold thy sobbing breath
And keep thy soul's large window free from wrong.
—Mrs. Browning.

NOT GETTING ALONG.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of the large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, my son," said he, " how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the half-hearted answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor has an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had he closed the door on the last patient when the old man burst forth.

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellowmen? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money to support you as long as you live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellowmen."

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

"I call that real kind ,now—I do. Sit right down, Mary, and write him a letter and thank him for it. There wasn't many would have done it. It was certainly nice of him, it was."

All this, and more, is what an old farmer said about just receiving a postal card—a picture postal card. He had been away from home several weeks in a neighboring village having a sore eye treated. While there he used to chat to the postmaster when he called at the post office for his mail. Now that he had returned home, the postmaster had remembered him and sent this postal card to inquire about his eye. And the farmer was delighted to receive it. Indeed, few people receiving the gift of a hundred dollars would have been more grateful or more genuinely pleased than this man was about his postal card. It was more the thought of the man who sent it that gratified him. "I won't forget Mr. Burgess for this, that I won't; and if ever I get a chance to do him a good turn, you may depend I'll do it. Sit right down, Mary, and write the letter." he continued.

Does not this old man's reception of his postal card go to show us how easy a thing it is to make someone glad, how little a thing may make some people happy. And yet we are so sparing of the little thoughtful act, the little kindly deed. There are a host of simple, honest, grateful souls not far away from us who are almost left out of things apart from their own immediate families, and their homely duties of the day, and even a little thing means so much to them.

A NECESSITY FOR A MAN'S BEST WORK.

It is no mere luxury, it is a necessity for a man's best work, that he should have a Bethany to which to retreat at eventide when the toil of the day is over, a place where as he enters he can shake off from his feet the dust of the world's arena, the anxieties, the disappointments, the harsh criticisms, where he can lay aside the conventional

affectations behind which even the sincerest of men instinctively shield themselves from the cold stare of the world, a place where he can rest and be himself with full certainty that he will be understood and appreciated, that love will overlook his faults and not chide him for them, a place where the atmosphere will put him at his best and lure his soul out of its hiding place. It is this which every man who has it knows to be the finest thing of his life. In the strength of it he goes on his day's journey, and into the joy of it he returns weary at night. There they call him by a familiar name, and let him do as he pleases, and know how to let him alone and how and when to companion him. It matters not how small may be the cottage or how shabby the furnishings. It is the most sacred thing in all his life, his home, his Bethany.—W. B. Thorp, Pastor of First Congregational Church, San Diego.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

What kind of poetry do children like? The shortest answer to this question and the truest one is this, "They like the best poetry." I have had boys and girls of six and seven beg to hear "The Bugle Song" time after time, although they could not understand it in the least, something in the exquisite rhythm of the poem appealed to them, and they thrilled with delight to hear about the "horns of elfland faintly blowing," as well as the music of the whole poem. The same children loved to hear parts of "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," "King Robert of Sicily" and many other "grown-up" poems. It was a joy to watch their expressive little faces as they followed the story, and one lad always shed tears to think the king in the "Lady of the Lake" was stronger than Roderick.

The Sabbath-school papers and current magazines abound in good poetry, as well as the papers designed especially for juvenile readers. They are hailed with delight by the little folks of my acquaintance. I really do not see how any mother gets along without a scrap-book in which to treasure up good poems and stories for the bed-time hour and other occasions.

There is one thing certain, the mother must first love the poems herself. If she wants the boys and girls to be early trained in the habit of reading good literature, she must be thoroughly in love with the best things herself. Only in this way can she train her boys and girls to know instantly what is worth while in reading and save them from the contamination of trash. —The Housekeeper.

Our Young People

A BUNDLE PARTY.

In the long, long time ago there once lived a Magician who was not only great and clever, but good and kind also, and withal so fond of boys and girls that he would spend all his spare time at the topmost turret window of his stately fog-castle on the southeast banks of Newfoundland watching through an enormous duplex, reflex, complex telescope the youth of Bangor and Boston, Paris and Pensacola at work and at play.

Laughing at their pranks, wondering at their school achievements, and sympathizing with their greater and lesser tribulations, he was, however, much worried in that there did not seem to be a single boy or girl entirely satisfied with his or her lot in life, nor with the little tasks and lesser responsibilities each work-a-day brings even to the young; and by the time the usual daily, several, separate complaint-solo over this lesson, that chore, and the other errand had swelled into one grand and powerful final chorus of "I wish I were Kitty (or Nellie or Tom or Silas or Mehitable): she hasn't got to stop playing and practise (or wipe the dishes of fill the wood-box or run to the butcher's or mind the baby)" in all its variations, his kind and sympathetic old head would ache so badly that he couldn't enjoy his dinner.

One day the grand finale had been so very loud and long that the disturbed Magician had had to take to his bed at once without any dinner; and, while trying to compose himself to sleep, he had thought out a fine scheme for the betterment of conditions among the children of men.

Next day there were circulars posted on every street corner in Bangor, Boston, Paris and Pensacola, calling—in letters a foot and a half high—upon the boys and girls to gather and do up their troubles (all those unsatisfactory circumstances, lessons, duties, chores, and responsibilities) into neat and compact bundles and carry them to a wide plateau midway between those four towns. "Let each one cast his bundle," the circulars went on to say, "into the deep pit in the plumb center of that plateau, and then let him select from the same pit any other attractive bundle in exchange. In this way every one may be satisfactorily accommodated and all may go home happy."

Directly after school that day the roads and highways out of Bangor, Boston, Paris and Pensacola were black with small folk traveling toward the plateau, all carrying packages of many sizes,—big ones, little ones, long ones, round ones, flat ones, cat-a-cornered ones; tiny ones that seemed to weigh a ton at least, and big and bumpy ones that appeared light and easy; you see it all was in the way they were carried. You should have seen all these parcels drop into that pit! You should have watched those children join hands and dance round that pit! And you should have heard them whistle, shout, and sing—for had they not exchanged their distasteful circumstances, lessons, duties, chores, and responsibilities for new and much pleasanter ones?—as they skipped gayly back to Bangor, Boston, Paris and Pensacola.

For two whole long days the Magician saw through his wonderful telescope bright and pleasant faces only, heard only happy glees and carols of delight among the children. Then, on the third day, there rose to his hurt and reluctant ear an occasional "I wish I could," etc., or "I don't see why," etc., or "Sophie doesn't have to," and by the end of the week the lamentation chorus was as loud and as insistent as ever. The Magician stood it just as long as ever he could, and then invited the boys and girls—with their new, self-selected in exchange trouble bundles as before—to repair once more to the same old pit in the plumb center of the same old plateau, there to meet him and to state cause of "Why" and "how"; and once more—directly school was out—the roads and highways leading out of town were black with small folk carrying bundles which, this time, all seemed equally heavy and uncomfortable.

"Why are things in such a plight with you?" asked the Magician. "You got rid of your loads in exchange for others that seemed to you smaller and lighter—burdens, it is true; but burdens there must be while there are shoulders to bear them, but burdens self-selected and with eyes wide open. Then, why, oh, why, are you not pleased? and why are you not happy?"

"Yes, but we didn't know; you see, we didn't think; we couldn't tell, you know, about those new bundles," came the answering chorus.

One little girl had not surmised that in Kitty's bundle was a poor grandma so ill that there must be no noise or sound anywhere within house or garden—not even practicing. And another one had found Nellie's parcel to contain a solitary, most lonely little girlhood without jolly sister's companionship, and with no darling baby brother to be entertained and loved.

One boy had discovered that Silas's very heavy load consisted of having no really truly folk of his own, no real home whatever, and of"living-round" in close, small city-quarters, with distant relatives and friends; and another boy indignantly explained that Tom's bumpy, knobby parcel was filled full with not being allowed to swim or climb or carry heavy things—not even wood for the wood-box! or skate or run for fear of hurting a delicate constitution. And the small and smiling girlie who had selected the very tiniest package had found it to contain a thumping, jumping toothache whenever she had indulged in candy, cake, or anything particularly nice and desirable. So how could they be satisfied, and how could they be happy?

The Magician—so kind and so willing to help—was dreadfully puzzled. "Then how can I relieve you? You've simply just got to shoulder a burden of some kind; we've all got to do that. Will you all exchange around once more? Or what's to be done?"

"Give us back our own bundles!" cried the children, eagerly. "They are heavy and uncomfortable at times; but at least we know just what is in them; and, besides, we've grown kind of used to them anyway. So, please, let's have back our own old packages!"

The Magician stood aside from the pit as each child laboriously, but eagerly, picked out its own little package—so joyfully discarded less than one short week ago!—and then watched them all as they walked, laughing and chattering, back to their homes, some carrying their big loads easily and comfortably, others dragging their far slighter burdens as if they could hardly stir them.

"After all," mused the Magician, "it's not so much the size of the burden as the way in which we take hold and carry it. And I know what I'll do: I'll take three strands—willingness, faithfulness, and cheerfulness, and braid them together into good, stout, firm, bundle-holders and send each one of the children of men one of them, with my best love, for a New Year's present."

So the Magician worked like a beaver all night, and by morning every child of men was supplied with a welcome and eminently satisfactory bundle-holder. That was just a year ago, and since then the little folk of Bangor, Boston, Paris and Pensacola carry their small burdens with ease and smiling faces. The sad finale is heard no more in the land, and the Magician can enjoy his seven-course dinner with a good conscience and sleep after it like the proverbial top.—Kate Hudson in Christian Register.

A DOG THAT OBEYED HIS MISTRESS.

One day Betty and Bouncer went out for a frolic. On the edge of the wood Betty spied a lady's slipper and picked it. Then she saw another a little farther in the wood and picked that. She kept on finding them and going deeper and deeper into the wood.

By and by she decided to go back, but the first thing she knew she was in a dreadful tangle of briers. Then she got into a swamp. Next she came to some tall pine-trees that she had never seen before. She looked down at Bouncer and Bouncer looked up at her, and wasn't it strange? Bouncer never thought but that Betty knew the way home, and Betty never dreamed but that Bouncer did. She threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

"We're lost, Bouncer!" she cried. "What shall we do?"

Bouncer uttered a few short barks.

"Can't you find the way home, Bouncer?" she asked suddenly remembering that dogs always knew the way home. Bouncer wagged his tail.

"Go home, Bouncer!" shouted Betty.

This wasn't just the way Bouncer wanted to help.

"Go home!" cried Betty, stamping her foot.

Bouncer looked the picture of misery. The last thing he wanted to do was to go home and leave Betty. But she had said go, and go he must, so off he trotted.

And Betty followed. It didn't seem the right way to go at all, but she trusted Bouncer, and pretty soon they were safe out of the woods with Betty's own dear home in plain sight.—Frances J. Delano, in Our Dumb Animals.

CROSSPATCH.

Once on a time, there was a witch
Who wasn't poor and wasn't rich.
She wasn't handsome, that I know,
For one day when I saw her go
A-riding past, I said, "Oh, dear,
How can a person look so queer!"
Her back was crooked as the moon,
And as she went I heard her croon
A silly song that seemed to say,
"The children are all good today.
Tomorrow, maybe, I will throw
My crosspatch cloak o'er Jane or Joe,
And while they whine, 'Mamma—Mamma,'
I'll chuckle to myself—ha-ha!
And folk will say,'That horrid Jane
Is at her tantrums once again.'
And other folks will say they know
They can't do anything with Joe.
Then, lest some wise ones guess my trick,
I'll puzzle them by being quick.
I'll snatch the patch from Jane and Joe
And cast it over Clem and Flo.
The friends in wonder then will say,
'How good our Jenny is today!'
Or, 'Joseph seems a different boy—
He really is mother's joy,
But little Flo and Clem—beware!
Their naughtiness is past compare.' "

Now boys and girls that would escape
This witch's ugly crosspatch cape
Must get the fairy Laughing-Fun
To stay close by and never run.
Then when the witch with dark disguise
Approaches, she in great surprise
Will find her cloak too small by half
To cover boys and girls that laugh.

—Chicago News.

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN.

A little boy was told by his school teacher to write an essay on "Woman." He executed the following:

"Woman is what men like to marry. Man is logical; woman is zoological. Both man and woman sprang from monkeys, but woman sprang the fartherest."

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A SONG OF PATIENCE.

Live on, O life of mine!
Though often thou dost yearn to be at rest,
He who hath lent thee life hath thought it best
Thine to prolong till more through thee are blest;
Live on, and cease repine.

Work on, O hands of mine!
Ennobling thought that even thou canst share
A part with God in making earth more fair;
Then labor calmly on, and to complain forbear,
Fulfilling His design.

Trust on, O heart of mine!
Though dark the way and rough the angry sea,
Thy Pilot holds the helm, thy Father beckons thee;
One guides the course of every songster free,
To Him thine all resign.

Sing on, O soul of mine!
Sing songs of faith and hope and joy and cheer,
Outsound the discord grating on thine ear,
And bring celestial music, sweet and clear,
To lonelier hearts than thine.

—Martha Arnold Boughton, from "The Quest of the Soul and Other Verse."

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